

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

VOL. 18, NO. 14

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, OCTOBER 26, 1899.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

West Virginia University,

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.
The Summer Quarter begins July 1. Fall Quarter October 1. Winter Quarter January 1. Spring Quarter April 1.
Faculty of 56 professors and instructors. 6 buildings, and a new one to be added at once. 215 students last year, besides 211 students by correspondence.
Colleges: Arts and Sciences, Engineering and Mechanical Arts, Law, and Agriculture.
Schools: Music, Commercial, Preparatory, Military, Physical Training, Domestic Science, Instruction by Correspondence.
Four Year Courses: Classical, Scientific, Philosophical, Modern Literature, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Law, Agricultural.
Two Year Courses (not leading to degrees): Pre-medical, Law (admitting to practice), Civil and Mining Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Agricultural.
Special Courses in Land Surveying, Railroad Engineering, Veterinary Surgery, Mining Engineering.
Graduate Courses, leading to the various Masters' degrees.
Instruction by Correspondence for those who can't come to the University.
School of Music with separate building and six instructors.
Drawing and Painting thoroughly taught. Young Women admitted to every department of the University. Over 200 in attendance the past year.
State Cadets (144 in number) receive free tuition, uniforms and books.
Room and board \$1.75 a week.
Tuition is free to all West Virginia students. For catalogue and full information, write to Jerome H. Raymond, Pres., Morgantown, W. Va.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEEL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

AT-LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

H. M. LOCKRIDGE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON & FRED. WALLACE

PRESTON & WALLACE,
Attorneys at Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. W. YEAGER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt attention given to collections

T. S. McNEEL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

PHYSICIANS' CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,
MONTEBEY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
BLKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite C. A. Yeager's Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

THE MAN WHO KEEPS NO HOE.

When spring-time comes he takes his foaming steeds,
All proud and champing in their harness gay;
Begins his yearly war against the weeds;
And while the sun shines makes his wad of hay;
But not for a second does he fool with hoe,

Nor any back-number agricultural implement such as Markham used to know.
He turns the furrow with a sulky plow,
Nor does he walk but sits upon a seat;
The sweat of labor is not on his brow,
There are no bunions on his manly feet;

Serene and calm he sits and drives his team,
And smokes cigars, and sends the hired man to the house for ice cream.
The shirt he wears is elegantly fried,
His pants are creased in style to please the queen;
He wears his glasses with the chain out side,
And lordly and commanding is his mien;

And so he rides and makes his sulky whizz,
And mutters: "What a chump that blame chap Markham is!"
And when the evening comes the farmer calls
The cringing hireling from the adjacent barn,
And bids him bring the trotters from their stalls,
And hitch them to the chariot, by dam;

And then the farmer takes his wife and silk-clad folks,
And scoots to town at Maud S. gait,
And says: "That Markham poem is the rummest of all jokes!"
The merchant sweats around his dingy store

From morn to eve, and ever poorer grows,
Until the Sheriff comes with awful roar
And leads him to the prison by the nose;
The while the farmers pile up fifteen cents,
And calls in a loud tone of voice to the officers of the law, bidding them get hence.

The lawyer sits and studies half the night
And fights the wolf that howls around his home;
He often hungers for a sup or bite—
He yearns for beer and only gets the foam;
The while the well-fed farmer piles on fat,
And tells the neighbors that the author of "The Man With the Hoe" was certainly talking through his hat.

The soulful preacher lives on crusts and hope;
And gets so thin he doesn't weigh a ton;
And cries in vain for dust, for scads, for soap,
He longs to own just one samoleon;
The while the farmer goes into the bank,
Leaves there his wad, on deposit, and informs the cashier that the man Markham was undoubtedly a crank.

We all must struggle for the bread we chew,
The coal we burn, the dizzy rags we wear;
All but the farmer, at whom Nature threw
The smoothest goods that the old dame could spare;
His living grows in wanton waste around,
And he but sits and buys up a few hundred more acres of ground.
—Nebraska State Journal.

County Sketches.

The Backslider.
"Glory! Hallelujah!" shouted Ernest Thomson, getting up suddenly from among the mourners and making a high jump alighting flat-footed with his number eleven shoes on the meeting-house floor, and springing on the neck of the Reverend Martin Allebaugh, the revivalist, bore him across a shackling pew which crashed under the combined weight of two big men. The revivalist's head was jammed in a corner and he was seen to vainly try to turn the shouter, and some averred that he said: "Let me up!"

The choir sang with redoubled vigor and shrill little schreeches announced that Aunt Belinda Dorsey and Miss Estaline Biggs, who had not spoken to each other for six months, were taking a little show of reconciliation. Others joined in and some of the brethren pulled the convert off of the Reverend Allebaugh, who emerged hot and dusty but with a whoop from his close corner. Thomson shook hands with the workers around the altar, shouting "Glory! Hallelujah! I'm saved!"

Old man Belknap remarked cynically: "He means, 'saved again!'"
This was the thirteenth annual conversion of Ernest Thomson. By nature he was deeply religious, but he had a banking after the flesh pots of Egypt which would get him down every year about Christmas. He would yield to the promptings of the devil and go back to the world and lead the life of the unsaved. He would suffer torments the while and his conscience would scourge him back to the fold. He would go down into the abyss of black despair at the mourner's bench until the reaction came which he took to be regeneration, and overjoyed in the belief that he possessed religion would take a shout.

After the meetings had ceased he would take his new-found peace home with him and find it a spurious article. He could not help lying in a horse trade, or backbiting his neighbor, or withholding part of the price from the church, but these traits did not alarm him for these were practised by the pillars of all the churches he ever knew.

When the old mare jerked the plow suddenly and the handle struck him in the stomach causing him severe pain, he ripped up an oath and beat her. When he was feeling blue and overtook a friend

with a jug of liquor and the two rode along he was apt to imbibe too freely, and he would wake up next morning to find himself outside of the pale of the church.

He was the creature of circumstance. Let him find himself with a crowd of card-players and in a few minutes he would be playing that wicked game of seven-up for fun,—conscience stricken, it is true,—but still able to turn a jack from the bottom of the deck. He was a fiddler, and after a month or so of playing church music the devil would get control of his elbow, and he would break out into: "Press down hard on the greasy string," and he knew he was ripe for almost any mischief. A dance was not complete without Ernest Thomson, and tho he was sincere in his protestations of religion, his inconsistency became a byword all over the district.

Therefore when Thomson took the shout recorded in this chapter the people at large did not take much stock in the new convert. After a couple of years had passed, however, and he still was leading a consistent life, he was recognized as being a different man. He had had a terrible fight but he was beginning to feel a confidence in his strength to resist temptation which was very encouraging. He attended strictly to business and began to prosper, as do most church people who lead temperate industrious lives. One fall his foot almost slipped.

Thomson lived on the edge of a forest. One day a party of city men drove by and made camp in the woods to hunt. They brought with them a keg of whiskey and some packs of playing cards. They hunted for deer and small game and ever and anon they would take drinks with each other and when the talk lagged or there was a dull time in camp they would throw a blanket over a rude table and play poker, one-cent ante, ten-cent limit—whatever that is. The local preacher prayed for the ungodly crowd one Sunday in meeting. They were held up to the young folks as the perfect embodiment of evil. But there was something fascinating about these strange city men to the country folks, and Thomson, who sold them supplies, had many a caller seeking for news during the week he furnished them. He had been induced to take a drink or two of liquor, but it only deepened his religious gloom which he now showed daily.

At length the next to the last day in camp came and Thomson went with his wagon to bring the party out the following morning. Now game had been somewhat scarce and the party had been subsisting on the food of ordinary, everyday life, and nothing wild had come their way. Thomson knew that there had been a dearth of something wild to eat and was therefore very much pleased to see a wild turkey fly up into a tree near the road and commence "rubber-necking" and saying "what? what?" He had his rifle with him and sent a ball crashing through the bird and it fell with a satisfying thud to the ground. The turkey was a very welcome addition to the scant fare at the camp and the cook set to work to prepare it for supper while the hospitable campers pressed Thomson to take something to drink.
He was feeling so well pleased that he took two or three, and his fall was assured. He refused any compensation for the turkey for in the church or out he was a very good fellow.
Then one of the campers had a very brilliant idea. Thomson must take 75 cents worth of chips for the turkey and join in the social game.
"But it's gambling!" protested Thomson.
"Well, is it wrong to gamble?" asked a camper.
"Yes, it's wrong for me."
"Is there anything in the Bible forbidding gambling?"
"I can't think of anything just now, but I'm afraid it's wrong."
The new cards and the chips by the firelight were very enticing to Thomson, who had played when he was in the war at the game which he knew as "bluff." He was weakening and the devil was about to claim him again for a brief season.
"On the contrary," said the camper, "we have many instances of the casting of lots in the Bible. The old Mosaic law provided that the land even should be divided by lot."
This argument, poor as it was, sufficed and Thomson was drawn into the game. With the luck the devil gives the novice to fasten more firmly the evil habit on him he won steadily, and the camper who had suggested that he play was the one who suffered most. When the game closed Thomson's turkey had netted him the handsome sum of six dollars.
He woke next morning conscience stricken. He had committed an unpardonable sin. But there was one consolation. His degradation had not been witnessed by any of his neighbors and he might yet be able to hold up his head. After these strange men had gone it would be no more than a secret sin.
The first day's drive brought them to a farm-house where they took dinner. When all were gathered around the smoking table the host turned to Thomson and said: "Brother Thomson, will you ask a blessing?"
It was an ordeal but he was determined not to let the slip of last night cost him his place in society. He therefore repeated the formula which he had adopted, and the dinner proceeded.
When they were on the road again his companions referred to the occurrence. Said one: "I did n't know blessings was in your line."
"Why?"
"I thought you were more on the style of the breaker of jack-pots. I'm kinder afraid that blessing we got at dinner was spurious."
"Well," said Thomson, "it's a poor man who can't be thankful for what he has to eat," and after that they let him alone.
We are pleased to state that Thomson came home and lived a blameless life. His pastor was surprised to be paid six dollars in money by him, and Thomson on the whole is not sure but that he did right in apolloing the Egyptian.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 35c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters for Rheumatism.

Character Sketch of McLean.

John R. McLean, Democratic nominee for the Governorship of Ohio, is a highly versatile genius. A born politician, he is yet more remarkable as a money-maker, possessing in a very marked degree that power of estimating value in things which is the wealth-winning faculty. He was the son of a rich man and opportunities were put in his way, but if he had started in life without a cent he would have earned a fortune. Not such a fortune as he owns to-day probably, but still a competence. McLean is worth millions—just how many millions nobody knows. Everything he touches turns to gold.

One might imagine a stranger coming to Washington and asking

He is fond of getting money chiefly because it is a means of influence. Popularity he courts, because that also is a lever, and while he cares little for society, in the fashionable sense, he spends many thousands of dollars every winter in entertaining. His newspaper is an immense political engine in Ohio and has an enormous following.

With his paper, the active management of a gas company, and numerous large real estate and other investments to look after, Mr. McLean might well consider himself sufficiently occupied. But these things do not satisfy his ambition. He wants to be Governor of Ohio, tho the gubernatorial chair is not in itself important enough to be a serious aim for

the hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue.

For reasons best known to himself he did not want to sell the lot. What he said was that if a building was put up on that corner it would cut off the view from his house of Willard's Hall, an antiquated structure likewise belonging to him which had formerly been a church, which he and his departed wife had been accustomed to attend for many years. On this account, he declared, he would not permit the piece of ground to go out of his hands. Mr. McLean, having set his heart on it, made all sorts of tempting offers, but in vain. The old man shook his head.

"I'll tell you what I will do, Mr. Willard," said McLean to him finally. "If you let me have that land I will cover it completely with silver dollars and you may have the dollars."

Old Joe looked thoughtful for a minute. Then he cocked an eye at McLean and said:

"Put them on edge and I'll do it."

This ended the bargaining, and Mr. McLean did not get the lot. It is now occupied by the new Western Union building, which young J. A. Willard, put up soon after his father died, two years ago.

A Maine Fish Story.

One of the queerest experiences in catching trout that any man ever had in Maine was had at Moosehead Lake recently by an Attleboro sportsman named Williams. He was standing on the apron of the dam at Wilson's, fishing in the quick water below and had met with fair success. Near the shore at his right hand in a little eddy he noticed a barrel lying on its side in several feet of water. He wondered what it was there for, and was so curious that he left his fishing and went down to examine. He found that it was an old molasses barrel, and was lying so that he could see the bung-hole. Of course, the barrel was full of water and the man had no idea there was a fish inside of it, but just for curiosity he dropped his hook thro' the hole and no sooner had the hook landed there than the water was boiling, and the fisherman knew he had a trout on the other end. He played him until the fish was tired and when he came to land him he could not get him through the hole. He secured a saw and sawed a piece out of the top of the barrel. The fish came out. It weighed three pounds, and was one of the handsomest square-tails caught in this section for years. One of the guides said that the trout must have gone into the barrel when small and had lived on bugs and worms which had taken their abode on the inside.—The Maine Sportsman.

The Youth's Companion for 1900.

The regular issue of the Youth's Companion for October 19th is the annual Announcement Number, and contains a full illustrated prospectus of the contributors and contributions already engaged for 1900. The list of writers embraces many of America's most famous soldiers and sailors, while statesmen, scholars, travellers, and gifted story-writers of both sides of the Atlantic will vie in the enrichment of the Companion's pages during the new year. New subscribers who send their subscriptions now will receive free this year's November and December issues from the time of subscription.

Notice.

The Pocahontas County Musical Association will be held at Arborsvale Church, above Green Bank commencing on Thursday evening, October 26, at 7 P. M. and continue over Friday and Saturday. All leaders of music are expected to attend. S. B. MOORE.

A Lewis County Dance.

Pat Riley, a one-legged man, attended a dance at West Columbia. While dancing his wooden leg accidentally went through a knot-hole in the floor, delaying the dance. It was released with difficulty and the dance went on.—Weston Democrat.



THE FREE BRIDGE, GREENBRIER RIVER.
From Forest and Stream.

Photo by Norman Price.

in good faith a series of questions like those put in the famous rhynded story about Nick Van Stann, the answer "John R. McLean" being returned to each query. Who occupies this magnificent residence with its walled courtyard opposite Chamberlin's? Whose is this great office building? Who holds a controlling interest in this railway? Who runs the Washington Gas-light Company? Who gives the most costly entertainments at the capital? The response is always "John R. McLean." Whatever he does is on a large scale. His newspaper in Cincinnati is run on a broad gage, and his income from it is said to be not much less than a thousand dollars a day.

Withal, there never was a more democratic man in his ways. Nobody ever has to send in a card to McLean; his door is always wide open. It happened thus one night when he was in active charge of the editorial department of his paper in Cincinnati, that the newest reporter on the paper walked coolly into his sanctum smoking a cigarette. The impudence of the intrusion can only be realized by persons who know how august an individual is the editor-in-chief of a great daily.

"Well, Mac," said the reporter, puffing a cloud, "how's news tonight? Pretty lively, eh?"
Mr. McLean lifted his eyes from the proofs he was reading and replied in a gently pleading tone:
"Do n't call me Mac; it's too stiff. Call me Johnny!"

The Enquirer was started before the Civil War by the firm of Farn and McLean—the latter John R.'s father, Washington McLean.

When Farn died the elder McLean became sole owner of the paper and he put his son into the counting room to learn the business. After a while the young man became business manager, and later, having acquired an interest in the concern he exhibited his versatility by taking the responsible editorship and administering that department with notable success. At the present time, while holding general executive control, he does not interfere with details in the conduct of the Enquirer. Thus he gets an opportunity to handle the many other irons which he always has in the fire.

Fundamental in the character of John R. McLean is love of power.

He is fond of getting money chiefly because it is a means of influence. Popularity he courts, because that also is a lever, and while he cares little for society, in the fashionable sense, he spends many thousands of dollars every winter in entertaining. His newspaper is an immense political engine in Ohio and has an enormous following.

With his paper, the active management of a gas company, and numerous large real estate and other investments to look after, Mr. McLean might well consider himself sufficiently occupied. But these things do not satisfy his ambition. He wants to be Governor of Ohio, tho the gubernatorial chair is not in itself important enough to be a serious aim for

the hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue. For reasons best known to himself he did not want to sell the lot. What he said was that if a building was put up on that corner it would cut off the view from his house of Willard's Hall, an antiquated structure likewise belonging to him which had formerly been a church, which he and his departed wife had been accustomed to attend for many years. On this account, he declared, he would not permit the piece of ground to go out of his hands. Mr. McLean, having set his heart on it, made all sorts of tempting offers, but in vain. The old man shook his head.

"I'll tell you what I will do, Mr. Willard," said McLean to him finally. "If you let me have that land I will cover it completely with silver dollars and you may have the dollars."

Old Joe looked thoughtful for a minute. Then he cocked an eye at McLean and said:

"Put them on edge and I'll do it."

This ended the bargaining, and Mr. McLean did not get the lot. It is now occupied by the new Western Union building, which young J. A. Willard, put up soon after his father died, two years ago.

A Maine Fish Story.

One of the queerest experiences in catching trout that any man ever had in Maine was had at Moosehead Lake recently by an Attleboro sportsman named Williams. He was standing on the apron of the dam at Wilson's, fishing in the quick water below and had met with fair success. Near the shore at his right hand in a little eddy he noticed a barrel lying on its side in several feet of water. He wondered what it was there for, and was so curious that he left his fishing and went down to examine. He found that it was an old molasses barrel, and was lying so that he could see the bung-hole. Of course, the barrel was full of water and the man had no idea there was a fish inside of it, but just for curiosity he dropped his hook thro' the hole and no sooner had the hook landed there than the water was boiling, and the fisherman knew he had a trout on the other end. He played him until the fish was tired and when he came to land him he could not get him through the hole. He secured a saw and sawed a piece out of the top of the barrel. The fish came out. It weighed three pounds, and was one of the handsomest square-tails caught in this section for years. One of the guides said that the trout must have gone into the barrel when small and had lived on bugs and worms which had taken their abode on the inside.—The Maine Sportsman.

The Youth's Companion for 1900.

The regular issue of the Youth's Companion for October 19th is the annual Announcement Number, and contains a full illustrated prospectus of the contributors and contributions already engaged for 1900. The list of writers embraces many of America's most famous soldiers and sailors, while statesmen, scholars, travellers, and gifted story-writers of both sides of the Atlantic will vie in the enrichment of the Companion's pages during the new year. New subscribers who send their subscriptions now will receive free this year's November and December issues from the time of subscription.

Notice.

The Pocahontas County Musical Association will be held at Arborsvale Church, above Green Bank commencing on Thursday evening, October 26, at 7 P. M. and continue over Friday and Saturday. All leaders of music are expected to attend. S. B. MOORE.

A Lewis County Dance.

Pat Riley, a one-legged man, attended a dance at West Columbia. While dancing his wooden leg accidentally went through a knot-hole in the floor, delaying the dance. It was released with difficulty and the dance went on.—Weston Democrat.